

Peitaiho Beach, China,  
August 4th, 1924.

Dear Mother,

We are having the most delightfully cool weather; it is like Clear Creek Day weather up in the rieton. If we had the pines of the Washington I could imagine that I was there, for the sea makes a continuous roar like the wind thru the pines.

I notice that I am writing on a sheet of paper that was under the paper I wrote the Lord's Prayer in Chinese characters on. We are now learning it so that we can say it from memory and also be able to write it from memory.

My I wish I had a little Remington Portable like this one of Sarvis' which I have been writing on this vacation whenever I could borrow it between their numerous letters. I can write three times the number of letters and they are readable when I get them written. In the last week I have written a long letter to Miss Anthon of the Republic, one to the Church, one to Mr Flint, one to you not on the machine, and others here in China. I am now really caught up on my correspondence.

In a few days Dr. Wilmot and Grace and I are going to Shanhaikwan and see the end of the Great Wall. We are expecting an enjoyable trip.

In the June 23th Literary Digest (I believe it was) I read of that 3,000,000 dollar train robbery where the robbers used areoplanes, poison gas, gas masks, and nitro-glycerine, and I thought how terrible and huge such a bit of lawlessness, that one robbery was compared to a great portion of the banditry and robbery in all of China. In the first place there isn't the opportunity for robbery on such a large scale, and in the second place it is not so highly civilized, not so scientific, not so well worked out with inside men, here as in America, and in the third place the peritrators here are not so ready to shoot down resisters as there perhaps because the penalty is not so great here and the possibility of being caught less. Then I read of the Leopold-Leob scientific murder and I know of bootleg murders and of burglaries and assaults and robberies without end even in Yakima. Excluding the ever increasing dangers from the automobile a man's life is a thousand times more safe from violent death and robbery here in China with all of her reported bandits than in America. I well remember the winter in Cincinnati when the worst crime wave was sweeping over the United States, how everyone refrained from going out on the streets after dark because nightly there were hold-ups within one's home no matter in what section of the city one lived. I felt more squermish then than I do now about going even into the worst bandit infested region in China. We often hear of murders by the bandits, but it is usually those that resist that get it. The bandits want money not to kill foreigners. There is no anti-foreign element in it. Often it is a clash of a soldier group not in power with the one at present in power, and the capture of the foreigner is only incidental or to further embarrass those in power.

But we must admit that we do have bandits in China, and I am herewith enclosing a letter received from the three women who are in Luchowfu this summer, telling of an experience they had.

I think a lot for the future - you look like a musician  
in that new dress and hat.

Pertinho Beach

Aug. 9, 1924.

My dear Florence Anne.

Our trucky bell mail man brought me a letter from you last night just at <sup>bed</sup> time. On days he has foreign mail he is always late and over burdened, often brings along a couple rickshaws full of magazines. This letter was a lovely fat four page telling me all about your room and making a few remarks on the side about your <sup>mother's</sup> smallest youngsters disposition. Its too bad, he used to be such a cute little red headed cupid. No, it never works for two women to be in the same house as mistresses at least. Especially when they are as different as are you and Ethel. I have lived with five or six different women but never was as happy as when by myself. In fact we never have lived by ourselves except the one week up here in July and a few days at the Doll's House in Yakima before mother & Sally came. And its over two years that we have been married. About time we were having a house of our own isn't it? I get along with Mrs. Jarvis about as well as any one I ever lived with. Guess its because we have so many ideas in common. She feeds her kiddies, and runs her house just as I should like to. She does not include quite as much milk in her food, other wise our ideas are very similar. She has had a language school couple with her each year for years and years and she has learned to be wide in her views and she never forces advice upon



you as a woman such as Doug's mother does. She used to make me ~~as~~ cross, when she disapproved of my new ideas of baby tending.

This summer we are doing cooperative house keeping. We take turns ordering the servants and planning food. My! how much I have learned. It's far more valuable than the Chinese I have acquired. Guess in my last letter I told you how we had lost one cook and hired another. This man is proving quite satisfactory. He really knows how to cook, can even make gravy which is unusual for a Chinese cook. The thing I don't like about him is that he isn't very clean. His dish rags & towels are always greasy and dark looking and if we aren't around he does not wash dishes. Our little one who switched things was the cleanest one I have seen. But there are none of them perfect. In fact personally I should prefer doing it myself if I had all the conveniences of a nice modern American kitchen. But it can't be done here. We can't do the buying ourselves. All the vegetable peddlers try to skin the foreign women. They are worse than Jews any day, ask several prices above what they expect and you have to talk & talk price with them, and then they never come down as they do for a Chinese. So the best way to do is to get a cook as honest as possible, give him a dollar a day for buying and then take accounts with him at night. Will skin you a little, add a few coppers on to the price of each thing, but we all expect that. Cooks plan on making about half their money that way. It's far better to let them do it a little

that ~~way~~ than to have one that carries off foods and sells them on the street. But it's all so new and different from anything I ever did at home. You can't scold them as much as you want to because they are so sensitive and will leave a job to "save their face" as they say, if their mistress "jaws" too much or exposes their "squeezing" directly. Well, all these things I have learned thru keeping my ears and eyes open, and every other week I take my turn at planning food and showing him how I want it done. My kitchen vocabulary is small so that I have to stay around and watch him a lot but it's good for me.

You are complaining about not hearing from me I hope by now you surely have one. That six weeks in May<sup>June</sup> seems like an ugly nightmare now. Never can I remember being so below par, rushed to death cross & tied and wheak for days & days. No time for anything but dragging my self to school & then rushing home to tend rubble. I am never going to let my self get that swamped again. The old language isn't worth it. I didn't even write my mother for days & days, was sickest just at the time when I should have sent off her <sup>Christmas</sup> presents and I am afraid they were a week or more late. I am really getting caught up on back letters now - ones I received last Jan. from Muriel & Nery for instance. It surely feels good to get them answered.

You ask me if my daughter is being disciplined



properly. Well. I'll tell you she is getting to be more and more of a problem all the time naturally enough as she grows up. She had an angelic stage last spring when she would go for days & weeks without crying or expressing displeasure of any kind. Now she is suddenly bursting forth with all sorts of ideas of her own many of which do not coincide with mine. Also she goes just every where and can pull things off a bookstand in two winks. I have spanked her hands and pulled her away many times but she still goes back. I keep her out doors almost all day on our porch, playing with her shells and stunts and baskets & pails. She has passed the sucking age. Now she spends most of her time filling up things & then emptying them. That and walking along the edge of the railings. I mean hands them. But of course either ayah or I have to watch her most all the time. She has to be doing something all the time. yells & talks & sings. Noisiest little kiddie. But a mighty sweet one. We have all sorts of fun playing with her. It's so much fun to teach her new stunts and to lead her along into our way of doing things. She really is quite philosophical about it, unless it's one in a while at night when she does not want to go to sleep. Ordinarily she just fusses a little after I put her in & soon begins to sing

her sleepy *da, da, da, da* song, & is going a minute, but once in a while she has a spasm I don't quite know what to do with. Either she is especially tired or hot or else she is all worked up playing the hand. Any how she gets mad - just furious and cries and shrieks for hours like a little maniac. I have tried letting her go, and I have known her to keep it up for two hours & still be wheezing along. So I have decided the best thing to do is to take her up immediately before she gets into such a passion. Usually a cold drink and washing her hot face will stop her. She has had six or eight such spells I should say - just gets so mad that she can't stop and is so hot that the sweat stands out all over her. I worry about it sometimes but since it's normal enough. When she gets a bit older a spanking may be the best remedy. Now it seems to me to be foolish to let her yell so long. What do you say? Of course it's giving in to her for she is yelling to get up - but when she goes to sleep twice a day sweet as you please for weeks and taking her up this once just saves us from a couple hours of agony and does not keep her from going to sleep sweetly enough next time I say take her up.

Your room sounds & looks just like you I am sure. My! won't I enjoy a whole house of my own and my new furniture. Our dining room table does not suit me. I got too sick & rushed to go over to the shops for a long time and left it all to Dong.



He did very nicely most of the time, in fact had  
them change several things. But he missed the legs  
on our dining room table. It's a light Sheraton with  
spindle legs and a slightly humped side curve. They  
made it straight <sup>on the sides</sup> first and he made them take it  
all apart and got a nice shape to it - but the ~~fat~~ <sup>legs</sup> instead  
of being little & dainty are big fat things like the old Mission.  
Oak tables were. No - not quite that bad but fatter than  
they should be and be consistent with the rest of the set.  
I could not have him take it all apart for the third  
time so we let it go. Someday when we get more time  
we'll have it remade. Now he is way behind on our order  
as it is so we can wait. I'll look at the other good  
looking things and get along. I am crazy about our  
gothic book cases and my little console table. They are  
my pet pieces. However the dining room chairs and  
side board are very nice. We have the whole bunch  
over half paid for. I am glad to say.  
Since I wrote that other page Phyllis has really  
walked. I went to get her to change pants and she  
ran towards me four or five short little steps. Since then  
we have had her walking back and forth between us  
and she does it a little better each time. Kides her face in my  
lap & chuckles after she arrives. - Knows we are pleased over it  
Send my next letter to Peking - China. % P.O. M.C.. No guess  
you wouldn't have time, send it to Hankow.  
I love you. Grace.

Peitaiho Beach, Chihli,  
August 17, 1924.

Dearest Mother,

The hardest part of our exams are over with good marks and the written questions will arrive in a few days. In six days we will leave for Peking.

The floods are still rising, for we are still having rains and the rivers are still flooding. Mr. Sarvis went to Peking a week ago for thoro physical examination at the P.U.M.C. labs. and said that the train right-of-way was the only low land not under water from Tientsin to Peking, all the crops were lost, and villages washed away. But we will get through alright unless the rains return again.

A week ago last Thursday Grace, Dr. Wilmot, and I took the train to Shanhaikwan, arriving there at 7:50 A.M. Then we hired three donkeys, rode across the city, across a few miles of plain, and up the mountain side on the inside of the Wall to an old Buddhist temple near the top of the mountain. It was a hot day and a steep climb up about 2,000 feet to that temple, but after the hot trip up the treeless slope we found a delightful wooded ravine and the temple. There were refreshing pines, dainty apricots, and large shiney-leaved camphor trees; and they were full of cicadaes, whose chirpings could be heard from three-fourths the way up the mountain. At the temple we could buy lemon pop and beer, if we wished, to wet our whistles. We had some pop so that we might conserve the one canteen of water which we had along for the days trip. We rested before going across the ravine to the wall on the top of the ridge where I took some pictures of Grace on the wall. I am enclosing them in this letter and a mere fragment of the brick of the tower from whose window you see Grace looking. We caught the 1:45 train for home and got off at a little station back of the sand dunes and walked home. (You can see the sand dunes in the pictures which make up the panorama.) Looking at the picture of the panorama you will see our walk from the sand dunes along the seashore to the mud flats, which we waded to Eagle Rock, and then home.

I found a name in the Shanghai "China Press" yesterday that made me sit up and take notice. I am enclosing it in this letter. It gives Marvin Douglas as a passenger arriving in Shanghai for the British-American Tobacco Company.

Tuesday David Sarvis and I are going to the Mountains, which you see back of the sand dunes in the panorama picture, to climb one of the highest peaks. We plan on taking three days for the trip.

Phyllis Ann is growing so fast that we are unable to keep up with her. She took her first steps between chairs and between us alone last Sunday. Now she attempts longer distances. So she walked at 14 months and 10 days of age. Now she has ten teeth. She weighs 23 pounds.

We hate to leave this beautiful place and its cool weather and fine swimming, but now I've got to start being a doctor. We have had a delightful summer, are as tanned as Indians and in fine physical condition for the summer work. Today a notice came of our raise in salary. All missionaries have been raised \$100 gold a year. We are starting a savings account in Phyllis Ann's name with it.

Love,

*Douglas.*



It is not probable that bandits will very soon get into Luchowfu for it is a walled city that is well protected. At the time of this two-day seige it was more poorly protected than usual. The reason that the hospital got so many bullets is because it was within two city blocks of the South Gate outside of which the bandits were. I suppose the most of the bullets went over the hospital because the wall is very high at that point.

This incident also illustrates how the Chinese flock to foreign protection in time of trouble. This is always the case. During the Revolution all hospital and large mission compounds were crowded to capacity.

We are finishing up on the language study for the year and reviewing for examinations. In two and a half weeks we leave for Peking. After receiving this letter you will have time to get one letter to us direct without it being forwarded by addressing it to Office of Peking Union Medical College, Peking ~~or~~. After that one will find us at the old Nanking address before you start writing to Luchowfu.

We are all well and as tanned as Indians. Even Phyllis Ann takes her daily swim and is quite tanned. We are expecting her to walk any day now.

Much love,

*Douglas.*

P.S. Brother Moore might be interested in this letter. Will you please show it to him.

Douglas first crew of  
Pahmery.

14 Ting Yin Hutung,  
Peking, China,  
August 23, 1924.

Dearest Mother,

We had a safe journey from Putaiho to Peking, and passed thru lakes and lakes of flooded country, where we often saw the pitiful sight of a farmer <sup>trying to</sup> rescue a few straggling, brown, water-soaked stalks of grain. Most of the grain is millet and kaoliang (the stuff I called corn in the Nanjing to Putaiho letter, because the stalk is exactly like corn but it has a bunch of grain at the top).

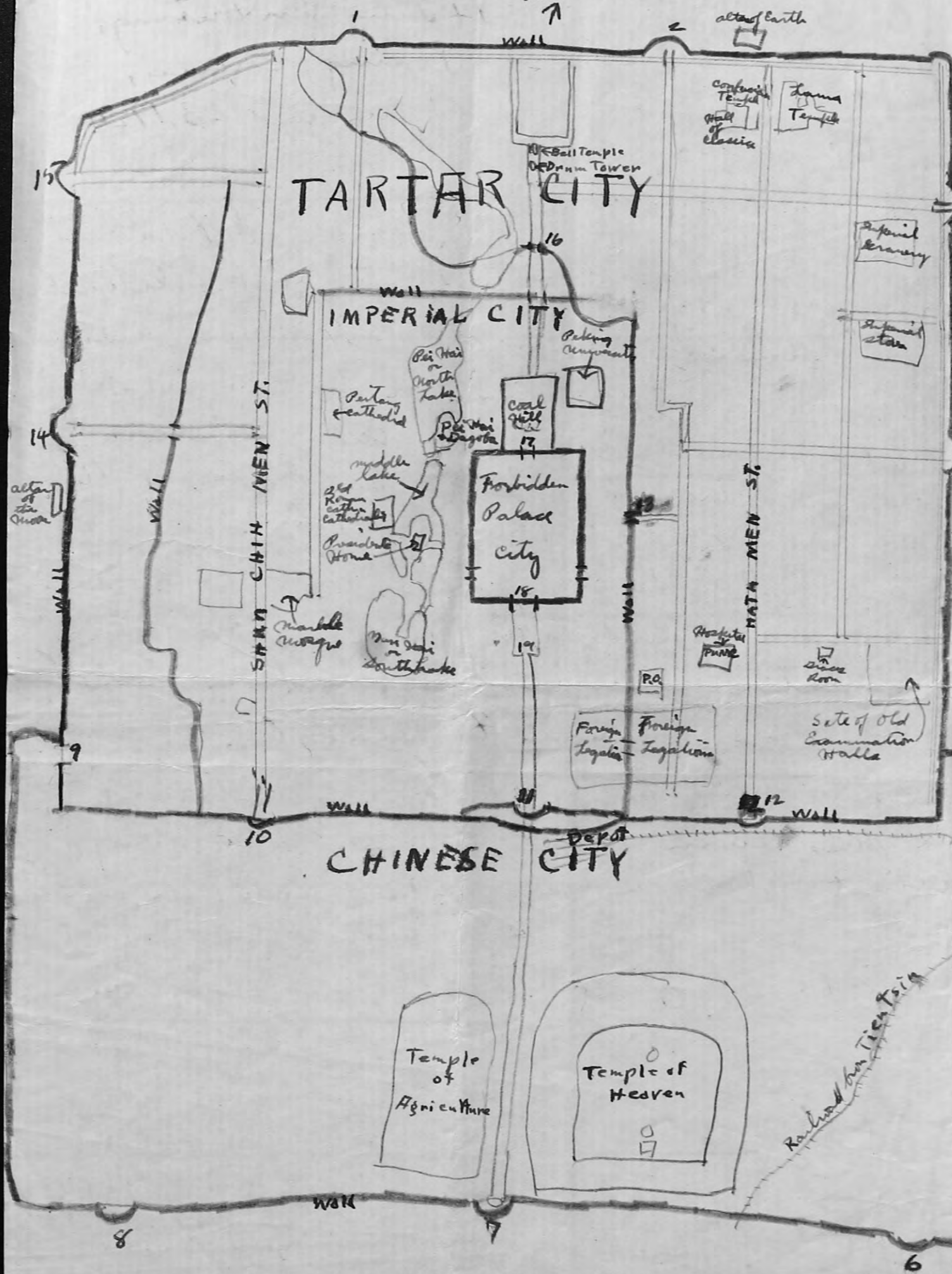
We arrived in Peking last night at 8 o'clock and because we could talk Chinese we got away from the station with our trunk and six bags and found Grace's room in 45 minutes.

Grace and the baby are boarding and rooming with a Miss Swan, a trained nurse, who lives in a quaint, old, upper-class, Chinese home. An upper class Chinese home covers both of ground by a maze of one-story buildings and courtyards, and round doorways. Grace has two rooms in one building all to herself, with hot & cold bath; and she gets excellent meals.

On the other side of this sheet I have drawn a map of Peking with some of the points of interest. Keep this for future Peking letters so you will know where we are going in our sight-seeing.



North  
↑



- Names of  
Sates (MEN)
- 1 - Tai-sheng men
  - 2 - An-tung "
  - 3 - Tung-chia "
  - 4 - Chi-hua "
  - 5 - Ma Wo "
  - 3 6 - Chiang Tse "
  - 7 - Yang Tung "
  - 8 - Han Hsi "
  - 9 - Hsi Pien "
  - 10 - Shun Chia "
  - 11 - Chia "
  - 12 - Hata "
  - 13 - Tung-shan "
  - 14 - Ping Tse "
  - 4 15 - Hsi Chia "
  - 16 - Hsu "
  - 17 - Shen Wu "
  - 18 - Wu "
  - 19 - T'ien An "

I registered this morning, and was assigned <sup>(2)</sup> my room in the dormitory (Wendham Hall) and a place at a table in the doctors dining room at the hospital. So my board & room is free and Grace is \$2.50 Mex a day.

This afternoon we took a most delightful trip to Coal Hill (Mei Shan), just outside of the north Gate (Shen Wu Men) of the Forbidden City, which is the highest point in Peking. From this point with the help of a map we had the general plan of the city laid out below us, and we got our bearings. From its top we looked down upon the Forbidden City, a privilege not permitted to foreigners until a few years ago, and now only by permit from one's own foreign legation. No foreign eyes were allowed to desecrate the city of the Son of Heaven, with its beautiful yellow and green porcelain tiled roofs.\* But we had no permit and were stopped at the door, — until we showed the caretaker a dime; then we sailed right thru.

Like the Hill of the White Dagoba or Pei Hai Dagoba (see map), the Coal Hill is no accident of nature, but an artificial mound older than the pretty pavilions crowning its five peaks. The early Mongol emperors built it for reasons

\*Permits are required because it is closed to the general public for from its summit visitors can look down on the palaces still occupied by the deposed Emperor Hsüan Tung and his attendants.



which are still disputed; some say, it was an earthwork constructed in order to ward off evil influences of the North from the Imperial precincts; others declare it to be of coal (whence its name) for use as a provision in case of siege; others again dispute this, and believe it to have been planned simply as a watch tower for the city and the palaces, while many think it is simply an Imperial park. Whatever the original purpose of its builder, the fame of this tree-covered hillock, with the airy summer houses placed upon it by Chia Ching in the sixteenth century, spread far.

In the minds of the Chinese, the Coal Hill is intimately associated with the tragic death of the last Ming sovereign. Here he ended his troubled career together with that of his dynasty. As dawn was breaking on the day of doom, "the emperor changed his apparel and removed his long Imperial robe. The bell rang in the palace for the morning audience but none attended. The emperor then donned a short dragon-embroidered tunic and a robe of purple and yellow, and his left foot was bare. Accompanied by one faithful eunuch, Wang Ch'eng-en, he left the palace by the gate of Divine Military Prowess and entered the Coal Hill enclosure. Laying sorrowfully upon the city he wrote on the lapel of his sleeve a valedictory decree: 'I, feeble and of small virtue, have offended against Heaven: the rebels have seized my capital because my ministers deceived me. Ashamed to face my ancestors, I die. Removing my Imperial cap and with my hair dishevelled about my face I leave to the rebels the dismemberment of my body. Let them not harm my people!' Then he

strangled himself in the pavilion known as the Imperial ③ Hat and Girdle Department and the faithful eunuch did likewise."

So he came to his end on the scene of his pleasures. More sinned against than sinning, he struggled manfully for years to build a government on a substantial foundation, changing his prime ministers 47 times in his despairing efforts. Courtiers, careless of duty, idled their time away on this Pleasure Hill under the trees. Eunuchs reclining upon rich carpets with silken cushions to support their elbows, amused themselves by painting, or, summoning their attendants with tablets of writing ink and brushes, inscribed upon a flat stone conveniently near, verses in praise of some famous Court beauty.

The ladies, wearied of their embroidery or of performing upon reed flutes, likewise came with mincing steps and swaying grace to while away the hours of their idle lives in the park.

This is the story of Coal Hill which we visited, mused over, & felt a heavy weight of <sup>the</sup> romantic, perfumed, tragic, historical atmosphere hanging about us. We are most favored in having this opportunity for visiting these famous places in this the Curiosity Shop of China; and we want to pass on to you as much as we can by letter. Oh, I wish I had a thousand dollars just to spend on beautiful things to send to you. Perhaps next time I come to Peking you can send me some money ahead of time to



buy some things for you. It would be a real investment. If you would come to China yourself with \$600 or \$700 to buy things with and let me tell you what and where to buy, and you took it home and sold it you could make the trip pay for itself. Lots of people do this.

Sunday morning, Aug 24th

J. M. C. A. - like

My room is in a very modern J. M. C. A. dormitory. I share my room with a Norwegian doctor from Kalgan, Chihli, west of Peking, who also is taking the short course. The room is well furnished with two single beds, chairs, two desks, two dressers, two bookcases, electric lights; and a large clothes closet. Near the room is a fine marble-tile finished toilet and washroom with the finest hot & cold water showers I have ever been in.

This A.M. I arose at 5:30 A.M. and walked south on Hata Men Street to Ha-ta Men, climbed to the top of the wall and had a view of the city. To the south I beheld the Tower of the Temple of Heaven, straight north of me the green-porcelain tile roof of the P. M. C. Hospital to the North West of that Coal Hill and the White Dagoba, and at my feet inside of the wall the Foreignized buildings of the Foreign Legation quarters.

I then took a rickshaw to the hospital for breakfast and then over here to Grace's quaint room. There is a charm about ~~and~~ old Chinese house built around a central court a garden. Our court is overgrown with grape ~~five~~ vines under which I am writing this letter. ④

We have a fine amah for Phyllis Ann. She works for the foreigners at the Peking Language School when it is in session so knows how to do things right. We got her for the month for \$10 ~~net~~. So now Grace can go out sight-seeing and shop-seeing all she wishes.

We are about to start out for the Temple of Heaven this morning. I don't know how far we will get for we have no permits for we haven't had time to get them yet. Our sight-seeing time together will be limited because I have only Saturday afternoons and all day Sundays off, so we must make hay while we can.

More later,  
Love,

Douglas.



Visit to Altar of Heaven

P.M.C., Peking, China,  
August 24, 1924.

Dearest Mother,

I'll start this now for tomorrow I start work in earnest and don't know when I shall be able to finish it.

Well we have had a very full Sunday of it. We were unable to leave this morning until 11 o'clock so decided to put off the Temple of Heaven trip until the afternoon. So we took a rickshaw for an hour and a half ride almost up to the north wall on Hata Mën Street then west and south thru Hou Mën, up the broad boulevard to the north wall of the Coal Hill enclosure. Then we turned west again and worked our way over to the Pei Hai Dagoba, but were not able to get in far for we had no pass. (We struck the only two places where passes are necessary yesterday and today) But we were able to get the view shown in Picture No. 1 in this letter.

After dinner had settled we took rickshaw

and passing thru Chien Mên (see Picture #2) we rode south on Chien Mên Street until we turned into the Temple of Heaven enclosure. At the gate we had to pay 30¢ each and ten coppers for each of our rickshaws.

Second only to the Palaces in splendor, and surpassing them in holiness, is the magnificent temple dedicated to the worship of Heaven. No other sanctuary on earth has a more profound or grand a conception, or more adequately expresses the instinctive desire of humanity to show reverence for a Power above itself.

There are three principle objects of interest here, ~~in~~ the Temple of Heaven, the Altar of Heaven, ~~and~~ the Hall of Abstinence, and the Temple of the Happy Year.

The Marble Altar of Heaven is a survival of those primitive altars on which the "Perfect Emperors" of legendary times offered sacrifice 4,000 years ago. It is one of the few remaining relics of the original Chinese monotheistic faith — the old, old belief that God is everywhere, invisible and



(2)

all-seeing, held in Asia before the gods were personified and their images put into temples.

One man and only one, the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, was thought fit to ascend this worshipping place and, under the dome of the sky which only covers it, to worship Shan Dē or the Supreme Being. So the Emperor was looked up to by the people as their consecrated sin bearer. So they left it up to him and went their way forgetting all about God like many Americans are doing today who are letting their mothers or their preachers do their worshipping for them.

The Altar of Heaven is the place where whole sacrifices were offered and their attendant ceremonies performed. It is all made of pure white marble (see picture No 3). It is composed of three <sup>circular</sup> terraces which are concentrically arranged. The third or highest one held the shrine to Shan Dē and the shrine of the ~~Three~~ <sup>Emperor</sup> Emperors. The middle stone of the upper terrace is looked upon by the Chinese as the central point of the Universe.

While worshipping the Supreme Being, the Emperor knelt on the second terrace from the top. Then in specified positions were Imperial Guards, officials, Princes, Director of Ceremonies, singers, and shrines to stars, moon, clouds, rain, wind, and thunder.

The furnace for the flesh offering stands to the south east of the altar (see No 4). It is faced with green tiles and is nine feet high, ascended by three flights of steps. The bullock used to be placed inside upon an iron grating under which fire was kindled. The rolls of silk, which also formed part of the offerings, were burned in eight open-work metal braziers, with prayers written upon the silk.

Directly north of the altar is round roofed building facing it in which the sacred tablets to Shang De and the Five Emperors were kept during the year. This building has black enamelled tiles and is known as the "Imperial World".

An elevated marble walk leads from the Altar of Heaven directly North



to the Temple of <sup>the</sup> Happy Year with its beautiful triple roof. The avenue ends at a gate with a curved gabled roof. Beyond this we stand face to face with the noblest example of religious architecture in the whole of China. (see No 5) "Springing upwards from a three-tiered marble terrace, the Temple of the Happy Year rises 99 feet into the air, a magnificent triple-roofed, azure-tiled, gold-capped shrine."

In 1889 the Temple of the Happy Year was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. The Chinese believed that this disaster happened because a centipede dared to climb the gilded ball. To appease this anger of Heaven the temple was rebuilt. But the wood of the original columns could not be found. After a long search to fulfil the requirements of tradition, it was agreed to use Oregon pine of which huge logs were imported with much difficulty and at enormous expenses.

These columns are one of the most remarkable features of the building. ~~For~~

elegantly lacquered, (enclosed find a bit of this lacquer which I picked up from the base of one pillar) support the upper roof, while the two lower roofs rest upon 12 plain red pillars, all straight trunks of single trees. Phoenixes and dragons adorn the ceiling. (see No 6)

Inside all is emptiness except for a gilded throne screen.

One the east of this temple we passed three long, cool corridors that lead to an old disused well, and nine boulders, carved with clouds, which we found lying in the long grass, and that legend assures us were used by the Emperor Yü to close the holes in the sky which caused the Deluge.

The Hall of Abstinence is now used as a museum where for 10¢ one can examine the sacrificial vessels used at the offerings and also see some old sacrificial musical instruments. I was most interest in the jade xylophone-like musical instrument. Each piece of jade hanging on the rack was L-shaped and each leg of the L was about a foot long and an inch thick. These hung



②

in two rows and when tapped even softly with the finger emitted a musical note. The tones ~~were~~ were at regular intervals as on our scale.

This Hall of Abstinence, where the Emperor used to keep the vigil that sanctified him for the service on the morrow, is a comparatively modern Chinese building surrounded by a moat.

All the buildings of the Temple of Heaven are surrounded by groves of stately, old, cedars which are hundreds of years old. They make a delightfully refreshing breathing place after the jam and noise and dust just outside the walls.

We left the Temple of Heaven and Grace had had enough of sightseeing for one day so returned home, while I crossed the road to the Temple of Agriculture or Hsien Nung T'an, dedicated to the cult of Shen Nung (3,000 B.C.), a prehistoric emperor known as the First Farmer, whose "special talents enabled him to understand

the cereal world and exercise great influence over it," and to whom are ascribed the invention of the plough, the discovery of medicinal properties of plants, so he is the Adam of Medicine, and he established the first markets. The temple of Agriculture is the counterpart of the Temple of Heaven only much smaller and not nearly so grand; in fact after first visiting the Temple of Heaven it is hard to get interested in the Temple of Agriculture. But whereas one sees almost no Chinese at the Temple of Heaven, the grounds at the Temple of Agriculture are crowded like a Minneapolis park on a hot Sunday afternoon, with upper class loungers reclining on wicker chairs their feet up on another, at tea tables under the trees, sipping tea and eating watermelon and lotus seeds.

The temple has a deep significance in a country primarily agricultural where the sovereign himself confirms the high, idealistic position of the cultivator of the soil by worshipping the fruitfulness



5

of the earth. Here each year on the first day of the second period of the spring he came with three princes and nine high officials ~~to~~ and worshipped Shen Hung's tablet. He then went into the field set aside for the purpose and ploughed with his own hands a furrow from east to west, coming and going three times. The chief of the Ministry of Finance stood at the Emperor's right with a whip, on his left the Viceroy of Chihli province, holding the seed, while a third official sowed it in the furrow behind His Majesty. The resulting crop was harvested in the fall and kept for special sacrifices. After his work the Emperor rested at a marble tea house or platform, now also used to drink tea & popo.

The other large buildings in the Temple of Agriculture are the Temple of the Planet Jupiter, now used as soldier barracks, a place, and the Altar to the spirits of the Sky and Earth. Around this altar are carved stones representing rivers & the dragons of the clouds. The cloud stones have hollowed out troughs at their bases where water was placed at the time of sacrifices.

This present temple was built by

Chia Ching the Ming Emperor about 1520.

An ugly wooden summer house now stands upon the principal altar, which is square to represent earth, as the Altar of Heaven is round to represent the heavens. Tea, pop, and watermelon seeds are sold to diners upon this white marble altar. As I hunted about, boots in hand, for these places of interest I had much difficulty in finding them for nobody seemed to ~~be~~ be interested in the historical features, they only thought about keeping cool after sipping their hot tea. Even at the main white marble altar the proprietor who spoke some English didn't know that that was the main altar. But from the description I had in my guide it was the only place it could be.

More later.

Love,

Douglas.

P.S. Enclosed also find a fragment of blue porcelain tile like that on the roofs of the Temple of the Happy Year. It will give you an idea of the beauty of that triple roofed building.



14 Jing Yin Hutung,  
Peking, China,  
Aug. 26, 1924.

Dearest Mother,

I am simply thrilled over the work I am getting at P. U. M. C.; but I will write to papa about that a little later, save to say that with studying in those magnificently built and perfectly equipped wards and laboratories, and living in a grand dormitory with hot and cold showers, and eating better food than I have long before (except at special dinners) and even since travelling first class on the Empress of Russia I feel somewhat like a millionaire myself on J. D.'s money.

I am at Grace's rooms which I make home and drop in on noon and after supper. I'm going to try to tell you a bit about it.

It is a great change to step from the carefully tended Legation Quarter, with its macadam streets and tree-bordered sidewalks, its wide gateways <sup>with</sup> long vistas of roadway and lawn and gardens of flowers to cross Hata Men Street

and strike off into the maze of hutungs (alleys) to the east of it where our home is at 14 Ting Yin Hutung (pronounced Ding Yin ~~Hoo~~ tung). But there is a real joy in a home here. We are living in a real Chinese house among real Chinese neighbors in Peking, the spell of the old capital, of the real China, weaves itself all about us. Outwardly the place would not be inviting to Americans. But once a quick, light jerk on the door bell brings a "boy" to swing back the heavy halves of the red door we enter a little world of our own, completely shut off from all but the ~~noise~~ <sup>noise</sup>, and occasionally the smells, of the teeming Chinese world about us. We are able at any time of the day to hear the call on the horns or the drums of street peddlers, but that is all a part of the picture.

A Chinese house, with foreign furniture is a very pleasant place to live in. There is pleasure in having no stairs to climb; just a high step over the 10-inch door sill (all Chinese doors have sills to step over which you have to get used to just like you do the inevitable Yakima irrigating ditches) and ~~you~~ <sup>we</sup> are there at home as soon as the red doors



1  
have closed behind us, more at  
homey feeling than we have ever  
felt in any Western abode. Ours  
is a simple dwelling, it has two  
courts, <sup>each</sup> perhaps thirty feet square,  
mostly paved with gray bricks and  
each surrounded by ~~four~~ ~~five~~ three  
separate, little flow blown houses  
of two rooms each, and the two  
courts separated by a wall  
with two double red doors upon  
which characters with a good  
luck meaning painted on  
them in large black lines. The  
roofs are of curved tiles slanting  
down in a protective way. The houses  
turn their bare backs to the neighbors  
who crowd us on every side, and our  
windows all face the courts, take  
up all three sides of them, in fact, ~~and~~  
for on the inside there is nothing  
but windows. At the top there are  
lattices covered with the flimsy  
white paper so general in China,  
easily renewed and much more  
adequate against heat or cold than  
one would think; but foreign influence  
have put glass in the lower panes.  
One is not long in discovering  
that in Peking the main house always  
faces south. Our compound is on the  
north side of the street so the two  
best rooms are at the far back of the

two court yards. Here is the parlor and the dining room in our house. If the house is south of the street the best suite of rooms would back up against the street wall, and so on. As it happens our suite of two rooms back up against the street. The court in front of our rooms is shaded from the hot sun all day by great grape vines with long bunches of white, nearly ripe grapes hanging from them. In it are two small sand boxes with clean sand in which Phyllis Ann plays with her table spoon. The other court is open to the blue sky and is filled with flowers, golden glow, balsam, nasturtiums, oleander trees, + white lillies which are very fragrant.

Wouldn't you like to live with us a month. Grace is having the time of her life with all the drudgery work of caring for a baby done by the Amah and only the loving part to do. And lots of time to read about Peking and then go out and see it. She will write to you a little later and tell of some of her own expeditions taken while I am in school.

Love

Douglas.



of course will you mail this letter for me. 10¢ a crack  
count up to 50 - some on the outside - in that kind of

1924

Peking China.

Aug 26, 1924.

Dear Florence Ann.

Your last letter telling about the carnival and the arrival of the brass bowl just came the night before we left Peking - you were pining for a swim, how I wished I might hand you one. We were having three a day sometimes, the best one of all by moon light in a private cove we named the Muddy Hook. The summer's swimming have given me pep to last all winter I believe. My! how we hated to leave it behind. but I am having a perfectly fascinating time here in the capital of the Celestial Empire. I'd give a whole lot to have you or Sally here to jazz around with me for Doug is in class all day.

To go back to the bowl. I don't know much about customs. I know there are 65% on tapestries, rugs, beads and things like that. I suppose a brass incense burner isn't expensive or rare enough to levy a duty upon. Yes the postage was a dollar Mex. that's 50¢ gold. Doug laughed at me for sending any thing so heavy but I knew you'd love it. I have seen some perfectly brass things here. I know I am going to buy some before I leave. They just sell themselves.

X Well, first about our trip here. It took us all day. Chinese trains are scarce, so we had to go down south to Tientsin and then up again to Peking. And we passed thru the

flood districts, it has rained here practically all the last month. We came thru a regular sea. for miles & miles the crops were covered with water three or four feet deep. We often saw men paddling about in tubs or boats pulling their half grown millet or kailang up by the roots. Other places they are diving ~~then~~ pulling & digging up their crops that way! Just imagine being so hungry that you are willing to harvest your food that way!

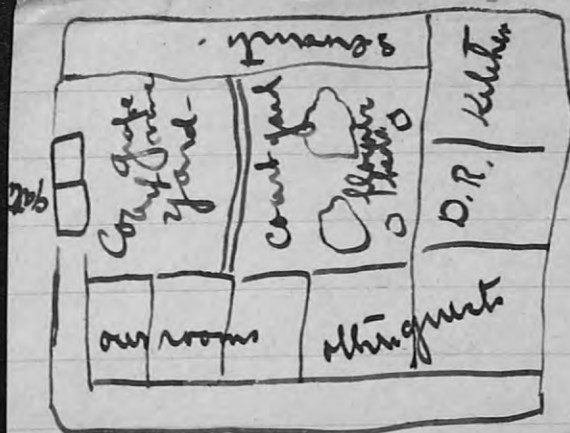
We found Peking much different from any city we have seen here. It has a big legation quarter with wide paved streets, modern buildings, electric lights, shops, hospitals, a post office of their own. In fact it is an international city, with an architecture following after no set plan. Each country tries to transplant a bit of its home here, so we see French next door to Italian and Russian beside the floating stars and stripes. There are lots of automobiles and no small part of them are owned by Chinese. However you would hardly realize you were in China as you go down the shady pleasant clean streets of the legation quarter were it not for the fact that you are in a comfortable rubber tired rickshaw and are passing many every minute.

However that's not what we came to see. We should have returned to America if we were hankering for paved streets and electric lights. The old imperial palaces and temples and gardens and the fascinating shops everywhere in the Chinese city outside the Tartar wall are what we are getting our biggest thrill over.

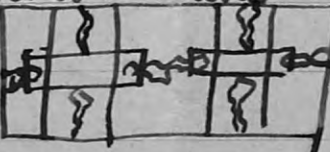


Doug is living at a Dormitory near the hospital in all the splendor of shower baths and every modern convenience that John ~~St~~ money can invent. They even have a pipe organ in the hospital Chapel and as I sat and listened to it yesterday, it sounded better to me than any philharmonic orchestra I have ever heard. It's a player pipe organ. Never heard of such a thing before, one of the internes was "interpreting" the Hallelujah Chorus and it took me back to the Welch Chorus of men whom we heard sing it so beautifully. First pipe organ I have heard since I left Yokohama. In fact we have heard no music at all this summer except the marine band right before we left.

Nubby & I are living in a little boarding house run by an English nurse a short ways from Doug's house. We are in a Chinese house, modernized & adapted so that Westerners can be comfortable in it and it's the cutest little place. It's fun to live in it for a month and get a small idea of what Chinese homes are like. We come thru a lot of dirty alleys full of beggars, rummy nosed children and peddlers of all sorts. I really began to wonder what sort of a place we were getting into. But once we get inside our court yard and the big doors at the gate are locked behind us we are in a little world all our own. The voices of the street drift over the wall to us but they sound like far off foot ball game. Our house is arranged like this around two court yards.



The rooms are little low roofed rooms circled about these two sunny courtyards, no windows except on the court yard side. They <sup>the windows</sup> are surrounded with open fret work and the lower

layers lined with white paper. The connecting doorways and window have beautiful carved fret work like this:  - I can't make it look pretty but it

will give you an idea what I mean. We really live in our court yards. There is a monstrous tree in the center that shades them both as well as several smaller trees and in front of our doorway is a big grape arbor, hanging full of nearly ripe grapes. Nubie has a sand box to one side of the room. rather it is a play place for another little girl in the compound. They play together nicely here in the mornings. Each with an ayah to watch over them and keep them out of the dirt. The main compound has a lot of pretty flower beds filled with balsam and moss roses + nasturtium. Also there is tall golden glow, slender trees and several clumps of a white lily plant. They have leaves like a calla but are filled with big clusters of fragrant white blossoms like an anemone. The ayahs pick a white flower in the morning and wear it in their shiny black hair. I really feel like a pharaoh - altho I am in one of the cheapest places around here. Miss Swann is <sup>the proprietor</sup> English and a nurse. This was originally a nurses home and when it is partly empty



she takes in transients to help pay the rent. The boy comes around early with tea, & after breakfast he sweeps. makes my bed. cleans my white shoes etc. I was fortunate in getting hold of a good Amah thru the language school. One who has had foreigners children for eight or nine years but is not working just now because language school will not open for a month yet. So I just fit in. She is a patient old soul. looks like Carrie Butcher and she taps Nubbies fat wabby legs around all day. Honey Child does not quite walk yet more than seven or eight steps but she hangs on to things and goes every where. Its grand to have some one to watch her when I am sick of it, or want to go out. I used to hate to leave her but I have gotten used to the idea and after I know an amah is trust worthy I can stay away two or three hours and not feel badly. Phyllis seems to think all amahs are the same. She changed to this one without acting afraid at all. The biggest disadvantage in having an amah is that they give in to a baby too easily, and it is apt to make a baby awfully self-willed. But I cant see Peking unless I have an amah so I have one.

~~My~~ The first place we went to was called Coal Hill. It is a huge mound with five peaks each crowned by a pretty pavilion, and the amazing thing about it is that it is artificial. It is much bigger than our Moquinto Pile. The early Mongol emperors in 1600 built it for reasons which are still disputed. Some say it is an earth work to protect the palaces as a watch tower, others that it was actually

made of coal (whence its name) and was thus stored behind the palace for use as provision in time of siege. Just try to imagine the thousands of sweating coolies who toiled to construct such a place. Howsoever it was built it is a beautiful place now, pleasant winding trails shaded by huge cypresses three centuries old and every where on the hillside was hemp, smelled like Happy Valley. We climbed to the top and rested almost half the afternoon studying our maps and books and enjoying the beautiful views spread on all sides of us. We got our bearings and have a pretty good idea of how Peking is laid out. It helps a lot to get your bearings in a new place like that. In front of us was what is called the Forbidden City, a huge walled-in city, residences of the Chinese Emperors for hundreds of years. We have to have permits from our Consul to thus look over the wall into the sacred city and it is only since the time of the Republic that foreigners have been granted such a privilege. The deposed young emperor still lives here in all the pomp & glory, shut up in one small section by <sup>+ two winged retainers</sup> himself. Many of the other buildings are empty now and a big part are open to the public. As we looked down over them we saw rows and rows and rows of yellow roofed buildings. The roofs are made of glazed yellow tiles & last indefinitely. Dust has gathered in the grooves and now all over that vast expanse, since it has rained so much



this last month, grass + small plants are springing up growing on that hard glazed surface. The city must be about a mile square and in the time of the Empress Dowager it was all in use, a small city by itself with its shops, theaters parks - public and private dwellings. Now it is a show place for curious tourists.

Sunday we were in one part of the Forbidden City and spent most of our time in a museum. This is a collection valued at \$30, 000, 000 and after I began to go thru it and gasp I believed it. It is a collection of the best Chinese art produced and it is really art. They have a truly wonderful sense of value + proportion and oh! how they love colors. You are going to come to China some day and you + I are going to spend about a week studying that museum. There are wonderfully lustrous porcelains in grays and yellows and blues - whole cases of carved green and white jade - rows + rows of lacquered vases and screens, the ones I like the best bright red in color intricately carved + thin layers + layers put on. Some one told me that the man that started such ware could not sell it it took so much time and patience and such long waiting as they applied coat after coat. His sons sold it for him. One whole room was full of bronzes. Ancient wine cups, platters, temple bells and the like, all priceless because they are so old. Then I must not forget to mention one spectacular type of thing - used in the gaudy days of the Empress Dowager, gold bird cages, clocks etc - solid gold - set with hundreds of precious stones - rubies diamonds, emeralds and so forth. Such preposterous things -

Another room had cloisonne. I did not care for its color combinations so well. They are making it nowadays in modern styles and lovely colors that I think are prettier. Perhaps my taste is not educated enough. I know it isn't. The whole afternoon I felt so ignorant as to all these gorgeous things. We are going back again before we leave. ~~My~~ I am enjoying the up to date shops here. Today I got Nubby some socks and toys. She had outgrown + gotten tired of all her birthday things. I got her a set of boxes that fit into each other and she has been so fascinated with them all afternoon. My! she is a sweet, old, fat, huggy thing. I have lots of spare minutes to buy her these days.

You asked me what I want for Christmas. You know I always pine for new ideas in clothes. I wore out two sweaters last winter and have been wishing I could pick up a cute one at a bargain counter to wear with summer duds. And hats! they are the worst problem out here. Absolutely unobtainable, they are the dullest part of missionary women's clothes for we have to wear them all the time - the sun fades them dreadfully. Then we always have to get new records, our music is so precious. ~~out there~~. Lastly I pine for expensive garden seeds and bulbs that I can't possibly afford & couldn't get here any way. There's a good list to choose from. It ought to last you for years to come. Please don't think I am begging. I know you won't for you will be glad to know what I can't get. Well, I love you. Send this letter to the folks to read will you please. - Grace